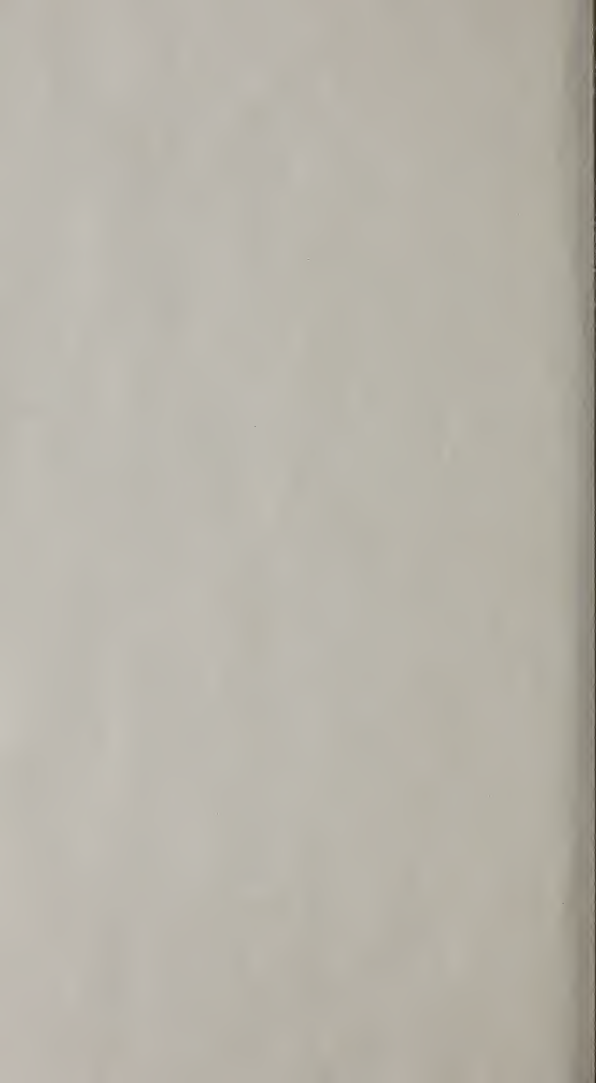




THE LAMENT OF
FLORA M'DONALD;

To which are added,
WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH,
TWEEDSIDE,

**Go, Plaintive Sounds,
Yellow-haired Laddie,**

AND
THE LORDS MARIE.



GLASGOW:
Printed for the Booksellers.

1823.

THE LAMENT OF FLORA M'DONALD.

Far over the hills of the heather so green,
And down by the Correi that sings to the sea,
The bonny young Flora sat weeping her lane,
The dew on her plaid, an' the tear in her ee,
She look'd at a boat with the breezes that swung,
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;
And aye as it lessen'd she sigh'd an' she sung,
"Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again;
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young,
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again.

[Connal,
The muircock that craws on the brows o' Ben-
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame, [ald,
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan-Ron-
Unawed and unhaunted his eiry can claim;
The Solan can sleep on the shelve of the shore,
The Cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;
But oh! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has
The conflict is past, and our name is no more, [he;
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland
[an' me.

The target is torn from the arms of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave.

The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
 Have trode o'er the plumes on the bonnet o' blue.
 Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
 When tyranny revelled in the blood of the true?
 Fareweel my young hero, the gallant and good,
 The crown of thy father is torn from thy brow!

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
 In the rosy time of the year,
 Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
 And each shepherd woo'd his dear.

Bonnie Jockie, blythe and gay,
 Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay:
 The lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
 Na, na, it winna do;
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.

Jockie was a wag that never would wed,
 Tho' long he had followed the lass;
 Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grass.

Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
 Na, na, it winna do;
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.

But when he vow'd he wad mak her his bride,
 Tho' his flocks and his herds were not few,
 She gied him her hand, and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true,
 Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,

Won her heart right merrily;
 At kirk she nae mair frowning cry'd,
 Na, na, it winna do;
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.

TWEEDSIDE.

What beauties does Flora disclose!
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
 Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
 Tweed's murmurs shall lull her to rest?
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To ease the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces around her do dwell;
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?
 Shall I seek thee on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

GO, PLAINTIVE SOUNDS.

Go, plaintive sounds! and to the fair,
 My secret wounds impart,
 Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,
 Each motion in my heart.
 But she methinks is list'ning now,
 To some enchanting strain,
 The smile that triumphs o'er her brow,
 Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive sounds, yet, yet delay,
 Howe'er my love repine,
 Let that gay minute pass away,
 The next perhaps is thine.
 Yes, plaintive sounds, no longer crost,
 Your griefs shall soon be o'er,
 Her cheek undimpled now has lost,
 The smile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive sounds, she now is yours,
 'Tis now your time to move;
 Easy to soften all her pow'rs,
 And he that softens love.

Cease, plaintive sounds, your task is done,
 That anxious tender air,
 Proves o'er her heart the conquest won,
 I see you melting there.

Return, ye smiles, return again,
 Return each sprightly grace,
 I yield up to your charming reign,
 All that enchanting face.
 I take no outward shew amiss,
 Rove where they will, her eyes,
 Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,
 So she but hear my sighs.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

The yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
 Cried, milk the ewes, lassie, let name o' them gae;
 And ay as she milked, she merrily sang,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my gudeman.
 And ay as she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
 The ewes are new clipt; and they winna bught in;
 They winna bught in, altho' I should die;
 My yellow-hair'd laddie be kind unto me,
 They winna bught, &c.

The guidwife cries butt the house, Jenny, come ben,
 The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn;
 Tho' butter and cheese, and a' should e'en sour,
 I'll crack and kiss wi' my love ae lang half hour.
 It's ae lang half hour, and we'se e'en mak it three,
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie my gudeman shall be.

THE LORD'S MARIE.

THE Lord's Marie has kepp'd her locks

Up wi' a gowden kame,

An' she has put on her net-silk hose,

An' awa to the tryste has gane.

O saft, saft, fell the dew on her locks,

An' saft, saft, on her brow;

Ae sweet drap fell on her strawberry lip,

An' I kiss'd it aff I trow:

"O whar gat ye that leal maiden,

"Sae jimpy lac'd and sma'?

"O whar gat ye that young damsel,

"Wha dings our lasses a'!

"O whar gat ye that bonnie, bonnie lass,

"Wi' heaven in her e'e?

"O here's ae drap o' the damask wine,

"Sweet maiden, will ye pree?"

Fu' white, white was her bonnie neck,

Twist wi' the satin twine,

But ruddie, ruddie grew her hawse,

While she sipp'd the bluid-red wine.

"Come here's thy health young stranger fair,

"Wha wears the gowden kame—

"This night will mony drink thy health,

"And kenna wha to name."

Play me up "Sweet Marie," I cry'd,

And loud the Piper blew—

But the Fiddler play'd ay struntum strum,

An' down his bow he threw,

"Here's thy kin' health i' the ruddie red wine,
 "Fair dame o' the stranger land!
 "For never a pair o' een before
 "Could mar my gude bow hand."

Her lips were a cloven hinney cherrie,
 Sae tempting to the sight;
 Her locks, owre alabaster brows,
 Fell like the morning light,
 An' light her hinney breath heav'd her locks,
 As thro' the dance she flew;
 While love laughed in her bonny blue ee,
 An' dwalt on her comely mou.

"Loose hings ye're broider'd gowd garter,
 "Fair lady, dare I speak?"
 "She, trembling, lift up her silky band,
 "To her red, red flushing cheek.
 "Ye've drapp'd, ye've drapp'd your broach of
 "Thou Lord's daughter sae gay; [gowd,
 "The tears o'er-brimm'd her bonnie blue ee,
 "O come, O come away.—

"O maid, undo the siler bar,
 "To my chamber let me win,
 "And tak this kiss, thou peasant youth,
 "I daurna let thee in.
 "And tak," quoth she, "this kame o' gowd,
 "Wi' my lock o' yellow hair,
 "For meikle my heart forbodes to me,
 "I never maun meet thee mair.

FINIS.

